

East Saginaw Courier.

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TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR; INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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Business Directory.

East Saginaw Courier.

GEO. F. LEWIS, Proprietor.

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each succeeding week, .25
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Connected with the Courier office is a New and Extensive Job Printing Establishment, where Plain and Ornamental Printing of every description will be done in the latest and most fashionable style. Patronage is solicited. GEO. F. LEWIS.

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Way mail to Flint daily at 1 P. M.
Vassar & Tuscola, mail semi-weekly on Mondays and Thursdays at 1 P. M.
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East Saginaw, August 4, 1859.

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East Saginaw, June 11, 1859.

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&c. &c. &c. warranted not to crack or break in any year's use. HESS & BRO.

SHEET MUSIC—IN GREAT VARIETY THIS

day received by express, and for sale by A. FERGUSON.

THRASHING MACHINES, HORSE POWERS,

&c. &c. &c. and repaired with dispatch by HESS & BRO.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

He who censures everybody censures nobody.

He whose soul does not sing, need not try to sing with his throat.

Cowards die many times; the valiant never taste death.

Fast men, like fast rivers, are generally very shallow.

The slanderous words of a common liar do not amount to slander.

Creditors and poor relations never call at the right moment.

To succeed you must keep moving; to grow rich you must keep saving.

Virtue is real honor, whereas all other distinctions are merely titular.

Genealogists agree that "skippers" are directly descended from Ham.

The lady whose heart swelled with indignation has reduced it with politeness.

The best adhesive label you can put on luggage is to stick to it yourself.

The blaze of reputation can not be blown out, but it often dies in the socket.

We know of a man so habitually sleepy that his curiosity cannot be awakened.

A fire is like a pretty woman, neglect it in the least and your reliance upon it is gone.

Never travel without a pocket-companion. A well filled pocket-book is the best.

Why does a sailor know that there is a man in the moon? Because he has been to sea.

It is a great pleasure to be alone, especially when you have your sweetheart with you.

We suppose a man who never speaks may be said always to keep his word.

Every man ought to aim at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raising himself.

Learning is not offensive in a woman, if she only preserves a gentle and thoroughly genuine disposition.

About the only person we ever heard of that wasn't spoiled by being lionized was a Jew named Daniel.

Whose best works are trampled upon most? A shoemaker's, because good shoes last longer than bad ones.

It is a mistaken notion that the "seat of war" and the "seat of honor" are synonymous terms.

Why is a young lady like a bill of exchange? Because she ought to be "settled" when she arrives at maturity.

Life should be fortified by many friendships. To love and be loved is the greatest happiness in existence.

Thought, like flashes of lightning in a dark night, picks out scenes which were before latent and obscure, recalls vividly remembrances of the past.

Courtships are the sweet and dreamy thresholds of unseen Eden, where half the world has paused in couples, talked in whispers under the moonlight, and passed on, and never returned.

WHERE IS KOSUTH?—Some time ago says the Manchester Guardian, the Paris Galganian told us that he had left Paris for London; but we in reality know as little about the movements of great Magyars as of those of the meanest and dirtiest denizen of Leicester Square. Are we to believe that his "public mission" is at an end—that the agitator has perished with the hopes of Revolution blasted by the Imperial compact at Villafranca? Has he resolved to settle down into the quiet common place refugee? It would, indeed, seem as if recent events had hurled him into hopeless obscurity. Some of his own countrymen are evidently under the impression that his best policy now is to keep as quiet as possible, and if we may judge from a number of letters which have appeared in the Times, the more intelligent Hungarians have ceased to regard him as the champion of the national cause. The course he pursued during the Italian war is especially condemned. At his call, poor Magyars hastened from Turkey and even from the United States of America to the scene of strife, and in yesterday's Times, "A Hungarian" indignantly asks—"Now that peace has been arranged, and that nearly 4000 of our countrymen are left to earn their bread as they best may, will Kosuth's fiery words for country and liberty save them from hunger, want and misery?" Kosuth is represented as the victim of his own inordinate ambition—an ambition which has not only proved fatal to himself, but most disastrous to his country. "A Hungarian," who writes from Pesth, advises him "to look upon his political career as terminated, for his name alone suffices—no matter what his intentions may be—to brand anew with the stamp of revolution the most just claims which a nation ever put forward."

A few nights since, as Mr. Charles Beatty and sister, of Armstrong township, Indiana county, Penn., were returning home from Shelocta, on horseback, they were chased by a panther, which, coming up with them near a run, sprang on the back of Mr. B's horse. The animal plunged violently, and the "varmint" not being able to retain his hold, fell, leaving in the horse's back abundant evidence of the ferocity of the attack. As soon as freed from his assailant, Mr. B. put spurs to his horse, and the girl dog likewise, they were soon out of reach of the animal, who, however, still pursued them. Panthers are numerous in the North part of the country.

Selected Poetry.

INDIAN SUMMER.

There is a time, just when the frost
Prepares to pave old Winter's way,
When Autumn in a reverent mood,
The mellow dainties dresses away;
When Summer comes, in musing shade,
To gaze once more on hill or dale,
To mark how many flowers they bind,
And see if all are ripe and kind.

With balmy breath she whispers low,
The dying flowers look up and give
Their sweetest essence as they go,
For her who made their beauties live.
She enters 'neath the woodland shade,
Her analysis of dewy life,
And bears it gently where are laid
The loved and lost ones of the grief.

At least old Autumn, riding tall,
Again she sweeps and hisses low,
With belated hand she takes the shales,
Intent on gathering all his own.
Sweet Summer sighs, flies the shade,
And waiting Winter, quiet and grim,
Sees later Autumn hush his grain,
And smiles to think of all for him.

INFLUENCE.

Drop follows drop, and swells
With rain the sweeping river;
With follows word, and tells
A truth that lives forever.

Prize follows prize, like lightning
Whose wings the wind disavows;
Thought follows thought, and lights
The realm of mind forever.

Beam follows beam, to cheer
The cloud the bolt would shiver;
Truth follows truth, and fear
Gives place to joy forever.

The drop, the flake, the beam,
The word, the thought, the dream,
The deed, the thought, the dream,
Impress the soul forever.

THE YOUTH OF THE REVOLUTION.

In his speech delivered at the Acton celebration in Massachusetts, October 29th, Mr. Winthrop gave the following interesting account of an interview which he had with the late venerable John Quincy Adams, about five or six years ago:

"It was on the floor of the Capitol, not far from the spot where he soon afterwards fell. The House had adjourned one day somewhat suddenly, and at an early hour, and it happened that, after all the other members had left the hall, Mr. Adams and myself were left alone in our seats, engaged in our private correspondence. Presently the messengers came in unceremoniously to clean up the hall, and began to wield that inexorable implement, which is so often the plague of men, both under public and private roofs. [Laughter.] Disturbed by the noise and dust, I observed Mr. Adams approaching me, with an unfolded letter in his hand. 'Do you know John J. Gurney?' said he. 'I know him well, sir, by reputation; but I did not have the pleasure of meeting him personally when he was in America.' 'Well, he has been writing me a letter, and I have been writing him an answer. He has been calling me to account for my course on the Oregon bill; and taken me to task for what he calls my belligerent spirit and warlike tone towards England. And I should like to read you what I have written in reply.'"

"And then 'the Old Man Eloquent' proceeded to read to me, so far as it was finished, one of the most interesting letters I ever read or heard in my life. It was a letter of autobiography, in which he described his parentage and early life, and in which he particularly alluded to the sources from which he derived his jealousy of Great Britain, and his readiness to resist her, even unto blood, whenever he thought she was encroaching on American rights. He said that he was old enough in 1775 to understand what his father was about in those days, and he described the lessons which his mother taught him during his father's absence in attending the Congress of Independence. Every day, he said, after saying his prayers to God, he was required to repeat those stanzas of Collins, which he had carefully transcribed in his letter, and which he recited to me with an expression and energy which I shall never forget—the tears coursing down his cheeks, and his voice, every now and then choked with emotion:

"How shall the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest?
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall find a sweeter rest
Than Paddy's feet have ever trod."

"By rapid Rabel's descending wave
He snatches from the grave,
Where'er the youth is laid,
That sacred spot, the village maid,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
The dew, a weeping hermit there."

"And there was another ode by the same author, which he said he was also obliged to repeat as a part of this same morning exercise—the ode, I believe, on the death of Col. Charles Ross, in the action at Fontenoy, one verse of which, with a slight variation, would not be inapplicable to your own Davis:

"By rapid Rabel's descending wave
He snatches from the grave,
Where'er the youth is laid,
That sacred spot, the village maid,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
The dew, a weeping hermit there."

"Such, sir, was the education of at least one of our Massachusetts children at that day; and though I do not suppose that all the mothers of 1775 were like Mrs. Adams, yet the great majority of them, we all know, had as much piety and patriotism, if not as much poetry, and their children were brought up at once in the nurture and admonition of the Lord and of Liberty.

"Indeed, sir, I have at my side, at this instant, a living illustration of the fact. Here is my venerable friend, Dr. Walton, of Pepperell, who has come over here to celebrate his eighty-first birthday, and who has just told me that on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, he was employed at his father's house in Cambridge;—being then about five years old—in pouring powder into cartridges for the American soldiers."

DEAF SMITH.

THE CELEBRATED TEXAN SPY.

About two years after the Texan revolution, a difficulty occurred between the government and a portion of the people, which threatened the most serious consequences—even the bloodshed and horrors of civil war. Briefly, the cause was this: The constitution had fixed the city of Austin as the permanent capital, where the public archives were to be kept, with the reservation, however, of a power in the President to order their temporary removal in case of danger from the inroads of a foreign enemy, or the force of a sudden insurrection.

Conceiving that the exceptional emergency had arrived, as the Camanches frequently ravaged within sight of the capital itself, Houston, who then resided at Washington, on the Brazo, dispatched an order commanding his subordinate functionaries to send the state records to the latter place which he declared to be, pro tempore, the seat of government.

It is impossible to describe the stormy excitement which the promulgation of this fiat raised in Austin. The keepers of the books, boarding houses, groceries, and faro banks, were thunderstruck, maddened to phrenzy; for the measure would be a death blow to their prosperity in business; and accordingly, they determined at once to take the necessary steps to avert the danger, by opposing the execution of Houston's mandate. They called a mass meeting of the citizens and farmers of the circumjacent country, who were all more or less interested in the question; and after many fiery speeches against the asserted tyranny of the administration, it was unanimously resolved to prevent the removal of the archives by open and armed resistance. To that end they organized a company of four hundred men, one moiety of whom, relieving the other at regular periods of duty, should keep constant guard around the state house until the peril passed by.

The commander of this force was one Colonel Morton, who had achieved considerable renown in the war for independence, and had still more recently displayed desperate bravery in two desperate duels, in both of which he had cut his antagonists nearly to pieces with the bowie knife. Indeed from the notoriety of his character for revenge, as well as courage, it was thought that he would not fail to fight that man? He is a mute, if not a positive lunatic. Such a meeting, I fear, will sadly tarnish the lustre of your laurels."

"Morton panned: 'Name your terms.' The stranger traced, without a moment's hesitation, the left bank of the Colorado, opposite Austin; weapons, rifles, and distance a hundred yards. Do not fail to be in time!"

He then took three steps across the floor and disappeared through the window as he had entered.

"What?" exclaimed Judge Webb, "his conduct was thoughtless. He is a mute, if not a positive lunatic. Such a meeting, I fear, will sadly tarnish the lustre of your laurels."

"You are mistaken," replied Morton with a smile; that mute is a hero whose fame stands in the record of a dozen battles, and at least half as many bloody duels. Besides, he is a favorite emissary and bosom friend of Houston. If I have the good fortune to kill him, I think it will tempt the President to retract his vow against venturing any more on the field of honor."

"You know them, then. Who is he?" asked twenty voices together.

"Deaf Smith," answered Morton, coolly.

"Why, no, that cannot be. Deaf Smith was slain at San Jacinto," remarked Judge Webb.

"There again, your honor is mistaken," said Morton. The story of Smith's death was a mere fiction, got up by Houston, to save the life of his favorite from the sworn vengeance of certain Texans, whose on conduct he had acted as a spy. I fathomed the artifice twelve months since."

"If what you say to be true, you are a madman yourself!" exclaimed Webb. Deaf Smith was never known to miss his mark. He has often brought down ravens in their most rapid flight, and killed Camanches and Mexicans at the distance of a hundred and fifty yards!

"Say no more," answered Colonel Morton, in tones of deep determination; "the thing is already settled. I have already agreed to meet him. There can be no disgrace in falling before such a shot, and if I succeed my triumph will confer the greater glory."

Such was the general habit of thought and feeling prevalent throughout Texas at that period.

Towards evening, a vast crowd assembled at the place appointed to witness the hostile meeting; and so great was the popular recklessness as to affairs of the sort, that numerous and considerable sums were wagered on the result. At length the red orb of the summer sun touched the curved rim the western horizon, covering it all with crimson and gold, and filling the air with a flood of burning glory; and then the two mortal antagonists, armed with long ponderous rifles, took their station back to back, and at a preconcerted signal—the waving of a white handkerchief—walked slowly and steadily off in opposite directions, counting their steps until each had measured fifty paces. They both completed the given number about the same instant, and then wheeled, each to aim and fire when he chose. As the distance was great, both paused for some seconds—long enough for the beholders to flash their eyes from one to the other, and mark the striking contrast between them. The face of Colonel Morton was calm and smiling, and the smile it bore had a most murderous meaning. On the contrary, the countenance of Deaf Smith was stern and passionless as ever. A side view of his features might have been mistaken for a profile done in cast iron. The one, too, was dressed in the richest cloth, the other in smoke tinted leather. But that made no difference in Texas then; for the heirs of heroic courage were all considered peers—the class of inferiors embraced none but cowards.

Presently the two rifles exploded with a simultaneous roar. Colonel Morton gave a prodigious bound upwards, and dropped to the earth a corpse. Deaf Smith stood erect, and immediately began to reload his rifle, and then, having finished his brief task, he hastened away into the adjacent forest.

Three days afterwards General Houston, accompanied by Deaf Smith and ten more appeared in Austin, and without further opposition removed the state papers.

The history of the hero of the foregoing anecdote was one of the most extraordinary ever known in the west. He made his advent in Texas at an early period, and continued to reside there until his death, which happened some two years ago; but although he had many warm personal friends, no one could ever ascertain either the land of his birth, or a single gleam of his previous biography.

When he was questioned on the subject, he laid his finger on his lip; and if pressed more urgently, his brow wrinkled, and his dark eyes seemed to shoot sparks of livid fire! He could write with astonishing correctness and facility, considered his situation; and although denying the exquisite pleasure and princely advantages of the sense of hearing, nature had given him ample compensation by an eye quick and far seeing as an eagle's, and a small keen and incredible as that of a raven. He could discover objects moving miles away in the far-off prairie, when others could perceive nothing but earth and sky; and the rangers used to declare that he could catch the scent of a Mexican or Indian at as great a distance as a buzzard could distinguish the odor of a dead carcass.

It was these qualities which fitted him so well for a spy, in which capacity he rendered invaluable services to Houston's army during the war of independence. He always went alone, and generally obtained the information desired. His habits in private life were equally singular. He could never be persuaded to sleep under the roof of a house, or even to use a tent cloth. Wrapped in his blanket, he loved to be out in the open air under the blue canopy of pure ether, and count the stars, or gaze with a yearning look at the melancholy moon. When not employed as a spy or guide, he subsisted by hunting, and was absent on solitary excursions, for weeks and even months together in the wilderness. He was a genuine son of nature, a grown-up child of the woods and prairies, which he worshipped with a sort of Pagan adoration. Excluded by his infirmities from cordial fellowship with his kind, he made the inanimate things of the earth his friends and entered by the heart's own adoption into brotherhood with the luminaries of heaven. Wherever there was land or water, barren mountains or tangled brakes of wild waving cane, there was Deaf Smith's home, and there he was happy; but in the streets of great cities, in all the great thronging of men, wherever there was flattery or fawning, base cunning or craven fear, there was Deaf Smith an alien and an exile.

Strange soul! he hath departed on the long journey, away among those high bright stars which were his night lamps; and he hath either solved or ceased to ponder the deep mystery of the magic word, "life." He is dead; therefore let his errors rest in oblivion, and his virtues be remembered with hope.

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THOUGHT FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.—Rev. Dr. Thomas Drinan thus feelingly admonishes married men:

"I would ask husbands to appreciate those who make the joy of their dwellings. Are not the kindnesses of wives often unnoted, unthanked, unregarded? Remember that these companions of your existence fill offices of dignity and high usefulness. They are shut out from the world's applause; let them rest in the assurance of your gratitude and consideration. When you see them still and cold in death, it will not grieve you to remember that your love has thrown sunshine into the shade of their allotment, that your prayers and example have given them aid in the right training of your children."

The fishermen have a very curious way of catching fish in the Rhine. They wade into the water at night with a knife and a water tight lamp.—They place the lamp under the water, and the trout will soon follow it. As the fish comes up to the surface of the water the fisherman kills them with his knife. This is no fish story but a veritable fact.—Boston Courier.

It doesn't do to marry for money and get drunk on it. It was the misfortune recently of Stephen Aymar, of Dearborn county, Indiana, to wed at once a bride and a fortune, and he felt so happy in consequence that he got drunk, fell out of a wagon, was run over and killed instantly. Unhappy Stephen!

Marriage resembles a pair of shears, says Sidney Smith, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.

An exchange says, "The exact height of a young lady's ambition is two feet." Whose feet are meant—her own or a "daring cherub's" pair of "footsy tootsies?"

Don't force a man to take your advice. You can advise him to take a bath with out pitching him into the river.